1934 turned his attention to the iniquity of war and of armament manufacturers, many who had previously scoffed at him becoming respectful; in 1936 God was his preoccupation, and in 1938, England. There for the time being he has come to rest, his cottage sold, after probably the most profitable occupancy of a rural property on record, the local village shop participating in the harvest by selling picture postcards, for instance, of Mr. Nichols's dog, inscribed: 1 just want him to be his own woolly self, and of a statue in Mr. Nichols's garden, inscribed: 'The sweet country rain washed his limbs, and the wind played about him.'

Even sentimentality, though never diminishing, gushes and burbles differently at different times. Once Mr. James Douglas might legitimately have been regarded as sentimentalist-iii-chief, but now he has been superseded. It is not that his hand has lost its cunning, or his tear-ducts run dry, but that the hearts he once touched have changed and no longer respond to his treatment. What is bis dog, Bunch, now deceased, compared with the one Mr. Nichols just wants to be his own woolly self, or with Mr. Godfrey Winn's Mr. Sponge? [f]l wish I could keen or howl,* Mr. Douglas wrote in the *Daily Express* on the occasion of Bunch's death, like a woman or a girl or a child or a dog, but a man can't howl or keen.* That was where Mr. Douglas was wrong. A man can howl or keen, a man does. 'He had rickets, you know, as a puppy,' Mr. Winn has written of Mr. Sponge, 'and though he is much better these days, he still wobbles side-

ways a bit.' On another occasion, Mr. Winn 'said to Mr. Sponge pointing with my gardening scissors between the chopping:
"Look at that rose, old man. An hour ago it reminded me of a woman in full bloom—wearing a pale pink dress at a party, knowing she was what is called the cynosure of every eye. Now? Her petals are falling. Softly, gently, one by one, in the noon-day heat. In another hour she will be nothing but a barren, blighted stalk." ' Bunch did well to die. His day was done,

Mr. Winn, reputed to be the highest paid journalist in Fleet Street, has indeed captured the sentimentality market. In his